

over several hard faces, especially of one haggard looking Magdalene, while some bowed their faces upon the seats in front as if to pray and weep.)

"—That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

Cho.—"Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too;
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do."

Never before did that beautiful hymn sound so wondrously sweet as when sung here among the lowest of the low. A dozen hands were raised for prayer at its close.

Our dear Brother, Dr. Furry, who is superintendent of this work, is gemming for himself a crown, such as will put some of us out of sight in the other world, as the sun fades the star. Here is Christianity, as it was manifested in old Judea when Divinity trod her hills.

Before the services were nearly thru we started out with Brother Furry for a midnight visit about the mission. As I said before, the mission located on a little crooked street, called Doyle Street, or more popularly known as "Shin-bone Alley," in what is called Chinatown. Here lived 10,000 Chinese, less than half a hundred of whom are Chinese women. Here American womanhood reaches its lowest depth. 400 American girls are living among these Chinese, in the most open shame. Many of these doubtless were once as pure as the driven snow. Many of them are from happy country homes whose loved ones mourn them as dead. Hidden back in the recesses of these awful dens, they are secluded and as good as dead to the world. Many of them doubtless began their journey hitherward amid the splendid glitter of the notorious "Tenderloin," where there is as much of rottenness as in the lowest slum, but its *guilted* rottenness, you know. Here are gambling dens, the gathering places of the most famous pick-pockets, thieves, and murderers in America. Into all of these Dr. Furry may go unmolested. He seems to have won their utmost confidence. To betray them would close his "open door." He goes not to condemn, but to save. We were taken back into the first Chinese opium den we ever saw, and one gambling den, which Dr. Furry declared to be as desperate as New York could furnish. As Brother Cassel went along the dark passage way, he said: "Do you think it's safe in here, Doctor?" Candidly, I felt it wasn't, and was happy when we found our way out of the vile odors, where we could breathe what might at least be called, air.

Opium seems to be the curse of the Chinaman, and this curse was forced upon him by Christian England! Christian England! With his devilitic Majesty at her helm! The devil is the price of the kingdoms of this world, and will continue to be until Daniel's great stone strikes and utterly demolishes the present social order and King Jesus reigns supreme. Come quickly, Lord Jesus.

After visiting the slum districts, where as

high as 36,000 people live in a single block, and going up on Madison and Fifth avenues, it was, as I said to Brother Cassel, "seeing Dives and Lazarus all in one day." Up here among the rich, the verse out of the Word, impressing itself upon us more than any other, was, "Heady, highminded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." Here, an hour before the doors were open, men and women were getting in line in front of the theatres. These of course were the poorer people, who could not afford a reserved seat. An hour standing in line, an hour waiting for the performance, two or three hours watching the play,—five hours! And they enjoyed it! Let the preacher keep his congregation in a religious service one half as long and he has preached its funeral. "Lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." What a wonderful fulfillment any seeing man can see all about him of the words of Paul in II Tim. : 3. Verily these are the "Last days." But glory be to God, the watchman sayeth "The morning cometh." The night is, but soon will the Sun of Righteousness burst forth in His glory and splendor. Yea, "The Desire of all nations," shall come.

Buckeye City, Ohio.

BUSINESS WORLD

J. B. WAMPLER

There are many professions, trades and business engagements in the world, most of which advertise their several avocations, some more extensively than others.

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Of course these signs should indicate what is kept and disposed of by those who advertise. And as a rule they are the true index to that which is within. But to enter a hotel under the high title St., where liquid damnation is provided for human beings and sold to those who debauch themselves, beggar their families, commit crimes, and eventually fill a drunkard's grave, and a drunkards hell. To expect to find a *saint* owning such a hotel, or engaging in such a business is far beyond a possibility. Shame to such title being put upon hotels, or even upon other buildings of doubtful reputation. Those dancing and card playing Christians will likely be disappointed when the heavenly roll is called up yonder! "Awake oh Zion, put on thy beautiful garments oh Jerusalem."—National Reform.

The Home

I, Might

MARION HARLAND

I might have said a word of cheer
Before I let him go,
His weary visage haunts me yet;
But how could I foreknow
The slightest chance would be the last
To me in mercy given?
My utmost earnings can not send
That word from earth to heaven.

I might have looked the love I felt;
My brother had sore need
Of that for which—too shy and proud—
He lacked the speech to plead.
But self is near, and self is strong,
And I was blind that day,
He sought within my careless eyes,
And went, athirst, away.

I might have held in closer clasp
The hand he laid in mine;
The pulsing warmth of my rich life
Had been as generous wine,
Swelling a stream that even rhen,
Was ebbing faint and slow,
Mine might have been (God knows) the art
To stay the fatal flow.

O word and look and clasp withheld!
O brother heart now stilled!
Dear life, forever out of reach,
I might have warmed and filled!
Talents missed and seasons lost,
O'er which I mourn in vain—
A waste as barren to my tears,
As desert sands to rain!

Ah, friend! whose eyes to-day may look
Love into living eyes,
Whose tone and touch, perchance, may thrill
Sad hearts with sweet surprise,
Be instant, like our Lord, in love,
And lavish as his grace
With light and dew and manna-fall,
For night comes on apace,

—Canadian Congregationalist.

Gladstone Found Time to Be Kind

Success.

The business man forgets, as do many of us, the truth expressed by Ruskin, that "a little thought and a little kindness are often worth more than a great deal of money."

The great demand is on their hearts, not